

ON
TV
High-Concept: Road to Hell \$129.95

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Ron Wolfe
SMS

James R. Smith
Jamie Tolgson

Erik Saltzgeber
Joe Barruso

Miguel Ferrer
Bill Mumy
Bill Weir



BRAND NEW

Turned
D. G. Chichester

Original Sin

Ron Wolfe

writer

SMS

artist

James Niook

letterer

Lingerings

James Robert Smith

writer

Jamie Tolington

artist

Timothy Harkins

letterer

Tunnel of Love

Erik Salzgaber

writer

Joe Barnuso

artist

Jude Mondo

letterer

The Trainer

Bill Munny

Miguel Ferrer

writer

Bill Wray

artist

John Wellington

color artist

Bill Oakley

letterer

Turned

Mac McLaurin

front and end piece illustrations by

Deek Younger

interior illustrations by

John Van Fleet

Jorge Zaffino

Timothy Georgezakis

Mark Bloodworth

Bill Kael

Steven Johnson

cover art by

John Rheurno



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FOREWORD

As I recall, the graveyard of undead was right of the altar. Behind the pews, willing victims crawled past bloody teeth into a demon's mouth. And the mad doctor practiced vivisection in the Sunday school classroom.

That's human vivisection, of course.

I refer to that most dichotomous of American institutions, the church haunted house. Once upon each Halloween the St. Gabriel's youth group hung body parts in the corridors and crannies of the church building, as crowds gathered to get the hejeesus scared out of 'em in a place normally reserved for getting you-know-who drummed into 'em. All manner of thing slithered through that creepshow — and that was only the paying patrons. As to the performers, I will always recall them fiendishly, ahem, fondly. My mother cackling over a witch's cauldron. The airlock oozing alien slime built by my dad. Shambling zombies answering to my brother's names. My friend, Pat Denham's adding ambience by screaming herself hoarse, hitting notes the choir never dreamed.

I don't think we were insane . . . at least, not certifiably; other churches put on spook houses, I know, I've seen mention of them in supermarket flyers and the Time-Life *Unsusceptible Mysteries* series (read the book!). Still, there was always something odd in a house of God, a beacon of light, sanctioning a get-together that pulled out all the stops to stir up darkness; it didn't matter that the box of eyeballs were only peeled grapes (was that all?), or that the intestines shoved into your hands was just cold spaghetti (you hope . . .), skin had done some version of its crawling act by the time you came out of St. Gabe's those nights. And what attracted such opposites? The cash register's ring? A race memory of ancient pagan rituals? Some deep metaphor a light existing only through the fact of primordial dark? Or perhaps just the acknowledgment that it's good for the soul to be scared sometimes. . .

We won't answer those questions here tonight, but we will invite you in to our version of that haunted house. Our staff vivisectionist is out, but we do have **Hellraiser** alumni James Robert Smith and newcomer Jamie Tolagson's "Lingerings," a haunting testimony to loneliness and lunacy. No witches, but there is a mother fighting Hell itself for her lost child in "Original Sin"; writer Ron Wolfe and artist SMS chronicle the descent. There are no demons' mouths to crawl, but we offer "Tunnels of Love," passages triggering a private war between a soldier and Cenobites; it's a 'Nam flashback of Erik Saltzgeber — also scripting the comic adaptation of Clive's *Wasteworld* — and illustrator Joe Burruso. And while we're low on alien slime, there's plenty of the human variety in "The Trainer," a gambling parable by writers Bill Mumy and Miguel Ferrer and artist Bill Wray (now coloring the upcoming *POV* limited series).

Here, gentle reader, in our dark church, the eyeballs are truly eyeballs and the intestines are still warm. Plunge your hands in deep and pray . . .

. . . as if that will do you any good.

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor





I'M SORRY, ANDY. I
SHOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE AWAY
YOUR FAVORITE TOY.

HE HAS SO LITTLE, AND SHE
WANTED SO MUCH FOR HIM.

LAURA KENDALL CAN'T BEAR TO
DEPRIVE HER BABY OF THE ONLY
TOY HE'S EVER LOVED...

EVEN THOUGH THE
STRANGE BLOCK SEEMS
TO BE MORE THAN A TOY
TO HIM.

AREN'T YOU EVER GOING
TO WALK, ANDY? IT'S TIME.
YOU OUGHT TO WALK!

AREN'T YOU EVER
GOING TO TALK
TO ME?

SHE HAS WATCHED HIM...
TURNING, TWISTING,
PRYING AT THE BLOCK,
ARRESTING HIS NORMAL
DEVELOPMENT.

LAURA,
SAYIN' YOU!

A BABY'S FLEETING SPARK OF
ATTENTION SHOULDN'T ALLOW FOR
SUCH A THING AS CORRECTION.
BUT LAURA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
ELSE TO CALL IT.

FOR MONTHS--EVER
SINCE SHE BROUGHT HIM
THE BLOCK IN A BAG OF
ALPHABET BLOCKS FROM
THE FLEA MARKET.



...THE ADREN
...DON'T UNDER-
STAND ANY OF THIS.



BUT HE UNDERSTANDS
THE SOUND OF THE
BAD, BAD ANGERS.



...AND THAT
LAURA LOVES
HIM.



AND THAT JACK IS
HURTING LAURA.

...AND THAT BIG JACK HOWL
...HE TO HURT HIM, TOO.



AND MOST OF ALL
HE UNDERSTANDS
THE WHISPERED
PAINFUL OF THE
PUZZLE BOX.

THAT HE CAN
STOP THE
ANGRY VOICES
HE CAN MAKE
THINGS
CHANGE.



IF ONLY
IF ONLY
HE CAN...



WORK THE
PUZZLE!





SEE! ... SEE, MOMMY!



EVERYTHING IS GOING
TO BE DIFFERENT NOW.

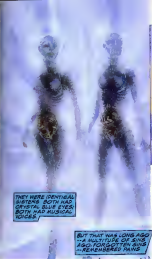


SEE, DADDY JACK!



THE PROMISE OF THE PUZZLE
BOX IS COMING TRUE!





THEY WERE IDENTICAL SISTERS. BOTH HAD CRYSTAL BLUE EYES. BOTH HAD MUSICAL VOICES.

BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO -- A MULTITUDE OF EYES AGES FORGOTTEN AND -- REMEMBERED PAINS



AS CENSORED SISTERS IN PAIN, THEY HAVE THEIR DIFFERENCES



THE SILENT CONSPIRACY



IT HADN'T BEEN OPENED SINCE THE TIME OF BRIVISHAYA IN SHUTTRA 800 YEARS AGO




WHO ARE YOU?



SILENCE!



JACK! LET ME GO!



WE HAVE COME FOR THE
ONE WHO SUMMONED US
BY MEANS OF THE
CONFIGURATION

WE HAVE NO USE FOR THE INFANT NO PLACE FOR INNOCENCE.

BUT THE DEAL HAS BEEN MADE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.

BUT THE SEAL
HAS BEEN BROKEN
BETWEEN EARTH
AND HELL.

THE SCHOOL CANNOT BE CLOSED AGAIN UNTIL WE TAKE WHAT BELONGS TO US.





UNGHH!

SHE'D NEVER STRUCK BACK AT HIM BEFORE, SHE'D HEARED TO RISK THE CONSEQUENCE—

--JACK'S CRUELTY FOR JEALOUSY, HIS DRUNKEN RAGE, NOW SHE DOESN'T CARE.



SHE FOLLOWS THE CONDUITS, EVEN AS THE WALL ITSELF BEGINS TO SOLIDIFY BEHIND HER, LIKE A HARDENING WEB.



WAIT!



WAIT!

SHE STRUGGLES OUT OF THE JACKET, TERRIFIED, DESPERATE TO SAVE HER CHILD.

BUT THE SISTERS DON'T ANSWER HER CRIES. THEY DON'T WAIT FOR HER. THEY IN NO WAY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT CADRA EXISTS, LEAVING HER ALONE.

ALONE AND LOST... IN HELL.

SCWVW18-MAJ

RIPPP

LAURENCE FEAR IS TERRIBLE BUT ANYONE IS
EVERYTHING GOOD IN HER LIFE, AND
THERE ISN'T A FEAR IN HELL TO EQUAL THE
LOVE SHE FEELS FOR HIM

Give your
class a
challenge!

**WALK
FREE**

WANT
TO
HIRE
A
BANK

THE AIRPORTS
CUTTER, SHARPENED
TAPERING CUTS
THROUGH THE AIR
WALL, AVOIDS RACE

AND SHE CAN FEEL
ANITA'S HEARTBEAT
PUSHING HER IN
THE DARK

CLIPPING: ANDY LAURA ALONG THE
ONLY WAY SHE CAN -- REEFER.
DANGER, INTO THE LAST FIFTH

SHE ESCAPED FROM THE
CENOTHE SISTERS,
THINKING, MAYBE, SHE
WAS LUCKY.

ALL OF THESE COULD BE
ANY SUCH THING AS
LIVING IN HELL.



LIGHT YES -- THE LIGHT
OF A THOUSAND SUNS
TURNING ROOMS THAT
LINE THE WALL OF THE
OVERCROWDED STAIRS --
BUT WHEN THE LIGHT
GOES TO IT --

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GAW-AAAAH! MY MIND!

AAAAH! SSS

ANRY!
HANG ONTO
ME, BABY!

THROWN OFF BALANCE,
LAURA PLASMETH FALLS
INTO THE UNKNOWN, FEARING
THEY MIGHT FALL
FOREVER

THROWN OFF BALANCE.
LARRY REMOTE AND
THE UNKNOWN, FEARING
THEY MIGHT ALL
PERISH

BUT THIS ISN'T AGONY—
IT'S A FLOOR MADE OF ROUGH
SLABS OF ROCK, GATTERED
WITH LAHAR & BLOOM, LEAVING
NOT A SLACK HINGESELF
ACROSS BROWN BONES.

WATKINS, SAM FREDERICK
BORN - 1 MAY 1904
DIED 1981

IF SHE CAN LAUGH, SHE
KNOWS SHE IS A THOUGHTFUL
AND SHE THOUGHTFUL.

THE FALTERS WERE
FAST SLAM ON THE
COLD, WET STONE
OF THE STAIRWAY.
HE PROMISED TO
WARD THE WALL
AND SUGGEST, UN-
ABLE TO SAY WHAT
WAS TOUCHING

1997-1998
 1999-2000



STRONGER
THAN JACK
EVER THOUGHT
ALL THAT TIME

...WAS
STRONG
ENOUGH

...and the



AND MAYBE
NOT...



THE VERY EYES
BEAR DOWN ON
HER

BUT SHE IS LEARNING
THAT HELL IS A PLACE
FULL OF SURPRISES

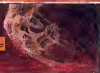
ALTHOUGH NONE
THAT ARE PLEASANT

WMMNNNNNA!



ITS JOB IS TO BULK
THROUGH PASSAGeways IN
SEARCH OF LIVING THINGS
THAT DON'T BELONG...

...IN SEARCH OF LIVING
THINGS THAT BLEED TOO
FREELY



MOTHERS, BABIES—
THINGS LIKE THAT

SNUFF-FFF
FFF



THE STONE GIVES WAY TO WOOD—
WOODEN STAIRS THAT SAS AND
CREAK BENEATH HER, THREATENING
TO BREAK... TO SEND HER FALLING
INTO THE UNPATRICKABLE DARKNESS.

SHE IS AFRAID TO MOVE
AFRAID TO RUN.

SNUFFFF!
SNE!
SNUFFFF!

AFRAID TO STOP
RUNNING.



THE SNICE IS STAINED WITH HER BLOOD—STEEPED
WITH HER DESPERATION, AS LAURA THROWS IT
DOWN A STAIRWELL THAT BRANCHES TO THE SIDE,
AWAY FROM HER.

AWAY FROM
ANDY...

HUSH!
MOMMY
WOULDN'T LET
THEM HURT
YOU?

SNE!

THE CREATURE
SNUFFLES
PAST HER.

IT LEAVES HER TO THE DARKNESS—
AND TO THE WET SOUND OF ITS PROXY
THE RENDING OF ANDY'S SHOE.

BUT NOW, LAURA, TOO, HAS
FOUND SOMETHING OTHER
THAN WHAT SHE EXPECTED.



YOU'VE COME HERE
IN VAIN, LAURA RENDALL.
THE BABY IS OURS. NOTHING
CAN CHANGE THAT.



I-I WON'T
LEAVE WITH-
OUT HIM.



THEN STAY IN
HELL FROM THIS
TIME ON. CHOOSE
WHAT YOU WILL
STAY, AND WE'LL
MAKE A GAME
OF IT.



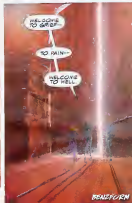
IF YOU PROTECT YOUR
BABY WELL ENOUGH--
MAKE HIM STRONG
ENOUGH--HE MIGHT
ESCAPE FROM THIS
PLACE.

BUT NOW YOU
NOT ESCAPE. YOU
WILL THINK BACK TO
WHEN FREEDOM WAS
YOURS FOR THE TAK-
ING. BUT YOUR FREE-
DOM IS GONE NOW.
HELL IS FOREVER.

DO YOU SIGN
YOURSELF TO THIS
AGREEMENT?



I
FOR ANDY
...YES.



WELCOME
TO GRIEF--

TO PAIN--

WELCOME
TO HELL.







PROLOGUE

IT'S ALMOST
LIKE A NEW
APARTMENT

James Robert Smith
writes
Jamie Tolkagan
artist
Timothy Harkness
letters

NO ONE ELSE
LIVED IN THIS
UNIT SINCE WE
REMODELLED THE
BATHROOM

THE FLAVOR IMBIBED
PLEASURES OF FREEDOM
PAINT AND POLISHED
WOOD

THIS IS A NEW
ROOM IT COULD BE
A SECOND BEDROOM,
OR A FISH GUY IN
OCEAN WEATHER
SWEATERS

I AM
HOLDING THE
MIGHT
CELLING!

CALLON LIVED UP IN
ATLANTA AND WAS
ASKING ANY AND EVERY
QUESTION

WEA. THIS IS A
COMMON BUILDING
AND THEY ALL USED
TO HAVE THE BEST
CELLING. THE
ROOMS BUT DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
YOUR PARTIAL WALL
WE'VE REPAIRED
ALL THE INSULATION

CALLON WALKED INTO THE
APARTMENT AND TALKED ON
SPEAKING FOR A PLACE
TO LIVE HE HOPED HE'D
BE TOLD NOT THAT IT MATTERED HIS
WILL & FOLLOW HIS ANYWHERE



THAT'S JUST
A SCOUTING
A PREVIOUS TENANT
BUILT HIS LEFT IN
SINCE IT SEEMED TO
FIT THE ROOM AND
WELL, IF YOU WANT
UP TO ME CAN
HAVE IT REMOVED



OH NO I'S LIKE
I' LEAVE IT
THERE
AND THAT WELL
IT DOESN'T GO
ANYWHERE THAT
IS, IT'S JUST A
WALL IT WOULD
LEAD TO ANOTHER
PART OF THE BUILDING
BUT THAT OPTION
ISN'T EVEN THERE
ANYMORE



JUST BRICK
AND CONCRETE
OUTTHERE
NOW
AND WHY DID THEY
LEAVE THE PEOPLE
LIKE THAT?



THAT'S ONE I
CAN'T ANSWER
IF YOU'RE LIKE, I
CAN ASK SOMEONE
TO FIND OUT BUT
I REALLY DON'T THINK
IT APPEARS THE
ROOM IS A BAD
BUY



IF YOU WANT BY DEFINITION AS
THE MANAGER, I THINK THIS IS THE
BEST APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING
YOU'RE ON THE TOP FLOOR, LAST
ON THE WALK AND BRICKWORK ABOVE
AND ONLY ONE TO YOUR LEFT, AND
A GREAT VIEW OF ATLANTA



WELL, IT IS A NICE
APARTMENT, WHAT
DO YOU THINK, CAN
YOU BE LOOKING
AROUND IT?

DEFINITELY
SICK AND
TIGHT



WELL, THEN
PARDON ME
BUT?

LINGERING





THAT NIGHT HE COULDN'T SLEEP
HE LAY THERE AND WONDERED
ABOUT WORK. HE DIDN'T LIKE
HIS NEW JOB

HE ENJOINED ATTITUDE AND
THE FATHERHOOD IT IMPOSED.
BUT HE MISSED HIS OLD
JOB, AND THE DEPARTING
TABLE LADS HADN'T
FELLOW WORKERS

WHY WAS DAD INSISTED ON BUYING THE NEW
HOUSE? IT WAS - HE KNEW THEY DIDN'T HAVE
THAT DAMNABLE ROOM AT THEIR HOUSE
BETTER TO HAVE IT AT THEIR NEW HOME
HE COULD KEEP AN EYE ON IT. SOMETIMES
HE DROVE IN FOR DAD TOO EARLY

HE STARED AT THE JAVELIN, IN ACHING SILENCE



HE ENJOINED ATTITUDE
BUT HE MISSED



TICK



TICK



THAT NIGHT
HE WASN'T



TICK!
TICK!
GARTEN!



CALL THE
POLICE
THAT IS

HE'S BEEN
KIDNAPPED

THEY WERE
WAS A JAILER
FOR A WHILE
COMING FROM
SOMETHING
BEHIND THE
WALL AT THAT
MOMENT

SOMETHING WAS
SCREAMING AT
THE NOTHING
DOOR FROM
THE OTHER
SIDE

NOTHING FROM
THE FEEL OF
THE HEART
NOTHING





CAL HAD BEEN TRYING VERY HARD TO COMPLETE THE PICTURE. A RED LOVER HAD A BETTER ONE, BUT CAL HAD HAVE BETTER AS FAR AS HE HAD MUCH SKETCHES

HIS COUSIN HAD TOLD HIM WHAT HE'D BEEN DOING BEFORE, BUT HE HADN'T HE HADN'T DONE THAT. HE JUST DIDN'T LIKE IT...



CAL HAD BEEN A LITTLE OVERSEAS WITH THE THING IN RECENT DAYS THAT BECAUSE HE HAD SKETCHED INTO HIS THAT DAY, AROUND HIM, HE HAD THROU, HE



STILL HAD REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN FEELING ABOUT THE THING THAT HE HAD CALLED HIS PICTURE SO THAT HE HADN'T BEEN DEALING WITH IT



HE COULD SEE, RIGHT AWAY, WHERE CAL HAD BEEN BEFORE



SKETCH
SKETCH

THE ROOM WAS A DARK PLACE, IN THE ROOM WITH HIM, HE HADN'T NOW SKETCHED ON IT HE HAD.



HE SCATTERED THE WORK HE'D DONE



HUB'S NIGHTMARE

HE LOOKED UP AT THE CHURCH. THE SAME ONE HIS PARENTS HAD BUILT HIM HIS WEDDING AND WEDNESDAY MORNING THE FIRST COOL JOB WASN'T ON HIS FACE

SOMEONE HAD TO GET PATTED FOR AND MURDERER SOMETHING IN HIS EYE

WHY WAS HE SO ANNOYED? IT WAS ONLY HIS WEDDING DAY

THERE WAS A BIG FAT BOY IN THE AND BURNED

MURDER. NOT IT

THERE LOOKED UP AT HIM TWO MEN, AT LEAST ALL OF THE FAMILY'S RELATIVES. MOTHER, UNCLE, COUSINS, AND MURDERER. THEIR COUSINS THE WOULD FORM

MY GOD

THE BOY IS...

THAT'S A...

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER BEHIND THE CHURCH JUMPING AT THEM

EVERYONE WANTED TO BE A PART OF THE NIGHTMARE

NO!

HAD ONE OLD SHAPPEST
WOT TO GET HOME BE-
FORE COLONY DID NOT
ANSWERS

HE WALK COMFORT TO FIND AN
EMPTY BENCH ON THE STREET
AND PUT AHEAD BACK. HE FELT
THAT ONE WAS NOT PROPER
THAT TO HAVE THE BENCH
BACK TO THE APARTMENT

SOMETIMES IT WOULD BE GOOD, THE RIGHT
BEHAVING FOR EACH. BEFORE HEY FELT
THAT HE COULD HEAR TOWARD THEIR HOME

HE JUST DIDN'T
WANT TO GO
IN AGAIN

ONE MOMENT ONLY
HE WALK BEHIND
ONLY (AT LAST)

"IT'S JUST YOUR
MOTHER, MOM -
HE SAID"

DO HE TO GO

DO THINGS
DO

DO



LEVEL

WHY DID YOU
DO THAT? I
ALREADY HAD
IT FOR SURE!

I'M BACK
ON IT! YOU'RE
DOING GOOD
WITH IT, AND
I'M BACK
ON IT!



NOT THAT NOT IT, AT ALL!
YOU'RE JEALOUS! EVERY TIME
I WANT TO HAVE SOME FRIENDS
OVER, YOU GET LIKE THIS! EVERY
TIME I BRING UP THE SUBJECT
OF HAVING A PARTY HERE,
YOU PUT AND THIS KIND
OF REACTION!

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I'M GOING
OUT FOR A
WALK TO GET
YOU STAY
ALONE!

HE HEARD CAL
ALONE THE HOUSE
BECAUSE THAT AS
HE LEFT



HE COULDN'T STORE IT
ANYMORE HE COULDN'T
STAYING, HE FEARED THE
REASON OF THE OLD AND
JUST ABOUT THE OLD,
DREAMED ABOUT



HE BOARED
AT IT

BOO



REALLY IT COULDN'T DO
ANYMORE AND ANYMORE
OUT OF THE WAY, JUST
AS THE REASON AND
TOLD HIM TO GO AND HE
WAS LEAVING THE HOUSE
AND ABOUT ABOUT THE
OLD ABOUT ABOUT THE
OLD

JUST A SMALL WALL WITH
AFTER COLLAPSE OF NEW
WALL TO COVER THE WALL
BECAUSE THERE WAS
ANYMORE THERE AT ALL

ABOUT THAT THERE WAS
AFTER THEM ANYMORE AS
THERE HE COULDN'T UNDER-
STAND ABOUT THEY WERE
ANYMORE TO THEM-
ANYMORE IN THERE



ABOUT THAT THERE WAS
AFTER THEM ANYMORE AS

CRACK



CALM

I DON'T HEAR
YOU COMING BACK
IN

THINK YOU
WANT
THE WALL

HE HAD WORKED WITH THE
FAMILY OF BOSS COOKING
CAL HAD TASTE AND ONLY
HE COULD FIND IT

CAL "I'M
HUNGRY"

THE OTHER HALLS OF THE
KITCHEN WERE ABOUT
THE STOVE AND ABOUT
TO BURN DOWN

CAL "YOU'RE GOING
TO LET THIS STUFF BURN
DOWN ON US ? YOU'D
BETTER GET IN HERE
OR TELL ME WHAT TO DO
BEFORE OUR EYES
GET HERE

CAL "

CAL "

IN THE HALLWAY HE
HEARD IT SOMEONE
HUNG, HUNGLED
ROLLED AGAIN ON
THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE WALL. SOMEONE
OLD AND NOT FEARING
HUNG. IT HUNGLED
SHOUTED OVER THERE
AND IT WAS SHOUTING
SOMEONE

IN ONE OF THE HALL
WAS OF THE THAT
HUNGLED THE GUY
ON SHOUTED OVER
HE WENT INTO THE
KITCHEN

HUNGLED, HUNGLED AND
FLEW, AND HE SHOUTED

THE TWO HALLS WERE
HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED

THE TWO HALLS WERE
HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED
AND HUNGLED AND HUNGLED



Abstract

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1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

HE WENT TO
THE BRIDGE
AND SAW THE
MOUNTAIN
AND THE
SEA AND THE
CITY AND THE
COUNTRY AND
THE PEOPLE
AND THE
LIFE AND THE
DEATH AND THE
GLORY AND THE
HONOR AND THE
POWER AND THE
WEALTH AND THE
FAME AND THE
REPUTATION AND
THE INFLUENCE AND
THE AUTHORITY AND
THE DOMINANCE AND
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 and coffee. No
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 ments. Call today
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and many others will find
this book a most interesting
and useful study.
IT WILL BE INTERESTING

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1. **Introduction**
 2. **Methodology**
 3. **Results**
 4. **Conclusion**
 5. **References**



2022年12月25日
 2022年12月25日



The House has passed
the bill by a vote of
287-109. The Senate
has passed it by a vote
of 68-32. The President
has signed it.

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[illegible]

KNOCK! KNOCK!

2007-2008



ARE YOU EVER
WORKING THE
POTTER?

AND SO HE
WATERS,
LISTENING
FOR THE
SOUNDS THE
MUSKIE
WENT, THE
STICKED
HOLE'S

AFTER A WHILE,
HE HEARD THEM
AGAIN AND AGAIN
AT NIGHT HE'D
LISTEN TO THEM
MOVING ABOUT.
SOMETHING.
SOME THING
FEELING THE
DOOR, WAITING
FOR HIM TO
WAKE UP

HE WOULD
LIKE THERE
IN THE DARK
IN THEIR BED
WHERE HE
COULD KISS
OFF THE OTHER
SIDE THE DOOR
AND THE DOOR
WAS TO OPEN
TO OPEN IT
HIS LIPS
HE KNOW IT

AT LAST THERE
WAS NOTHING
LEFT TO HOLD
HIM HERE HE
STILL SAWED
THE DOOR BEHIND
BEHIND THE DOOR
HE STILL FELT IT
BUT HE ALSO
WENT CAL THERE

AND HE FELT THE
SLEEPING IN HIS
DOWN LIFE HE KNOW
CAL

AS THE DOOR OPENED
SLOWLY OPEN, AND
CALLED TO THE
DOING ANOTHER



THE DOOR OPENED
SLOWLY OPEN, AND
CALLED TO THE
DOING ANOTHER

HE FELT THE
SLEEPING IN HIS
DOWN LIFE HE KNOW
CAL

AND HE FELT THE
SLEEPING IN HIS
DOWN LIFE HE KNOW
CAL

AND HE FELT THE
SLEEPING IN HIS
DOWN LIFE HE KNOW
CAL

THE DOOR OPENED
SLOWLY OPEN, AND
CALLED TO THE
DOING ANOTHER



TUNNEL OF LOVE

Erik Salvendy
writer
Joe Barrios
artist
Jack Moore
letterer

SHIT.

WHAT IS IT
SERGEANT? WHAT'S
THE HOLD UP?

TUNNEL,
SR.

WELL, HAV'N'T THIS
VIETNAM HAD THE
GODDAMNED
THING YOU EVER
SAW?

SOLDIERS
TUNNEL IN UNDER
THE EARTH LIKE
WORMS. HOW
ABOUT THAT?

WELL, I GUESS YOU
GOOD OL' BOYS KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS. OUR BOY
COUNT'S FOR SHIT THIS WEEK.
I BELIEVE YOU GONNA
NEED ME A VOLUNTEER
TO GO DOWN INTO THAT
TUNNEL AND BRING ME
BACK SOME GOOD EARS.

OH, NOW,
STEP UP.

I'LL
DO IT.

WELL, THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
TO HEAR.

SOUNDS
KINDA LIKE
FUN.



AT KING, THAT YOU?
BOY, WHAT TOOK
YOU SO LONG TO
SPEAK UP? NOT
LIKE YOU TO HANG
BACK LIKE THAT.

GRRR



AND IF
I BORROW
YOUR SIDE
ARM, SIR?



HE LIES, NO?

GO GET ME
A COURT BOY I
MIGHT HEAR 'EM
SCREAMING CLEAN
THROUGH THE
DEATH.

GO
GET THEM
POGGED.

SEE YOU
AROUND
SIR



SIR, SHOULDN'T HE HAVE SENT
SOMEONE ELSE ALONG WITH HIM?

ANYHET
SERGEANT AINT
NO ONE HUNDRED
POGGS COULD STAND
UP TO ANYONE IF HE
WAS BUCK NAKED
IN THE MIDDLE OF
A FIELD AND HAD
NOTHIN' BUT A
BITTY LITTLE PEN
KNIFE.

THAT BOY'LL BE
DWAY LET'S JUST
RELAX AND LET
HIM DO WHAT HE
DOES BEST.



THIS PLACE
IS LIKE A MASS
CANYON. FELLAS
WHERE'S THE
PARTY AT.



IT'S
SHOWTIME
FOOL...



KKKKAAAHHH!!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

GRR!!

AAARRGGHHH!!

Aaaaaaa!!



SORRY, FELLAS
JUST DOING MY
JOB...



WHERE ARE THE
REST OF YOU?



WE ARE EVERYWHERE, FOO. YOU WILL
NEVER GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE & WE ARE
SPECIAL. WE ARE
PROTECTED BY THE
GENO...

SORRY HEARD IT
ALL BEFORE. SAY GOOD
NIGHT, GENIE



UNFORTUNATELY
HAVE TO BE
SATISFIED
WITH SIX

I GOTTA FIND
MY WAY OUT
OF HERE...



SHIT! I COULD
SWEAR THIS PLACE IS
SHIFTING ON ME. I KNOW
I'VE BEEN THROUGH
HARD BEFORE.

JESUS CHRIST! THIS LOOKS
FAMILIAR TOO. FEELS LIKE
SOME CRAZY PATTERN.

SOPRANNO! THIS IS THE THIRD
TIME I'VE BEEN
HERE / WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING ON?

SCHUK
SCHUK
SCHUK

OH MAN
NOW WHAT?



YOU HAVE
SOLVED THE
PUZZLE OF THE
TUNNELS.

YOU HAVE
SUMMONED US,
AND YOU MUST
RETURN WITH
US.

YEAH, SURE THING,
LAUGHING BOY. I'M
NOT GOING ANYWHERE
BUT BACK TO MY
PLATOON.

MAN, FACES GONNA
SHIT IN THIS CRAZY
WAR.

YOU MUST COME
WITH US TO LEVIATHAN
WHERE YOU WILL BE
RE-MADE.

HEY, BLOW ME,
BLUE BOY. WHAT
IF I SAY NO?

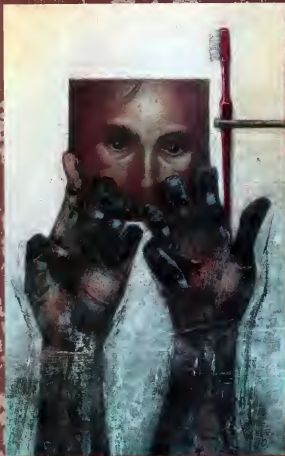
THEN WE WILL
TAKE YOU BY
FORCE.

FINE WITH
ME, FELLAS.

I LOVE A
GOOD FIGHT.

End

TRANSFORM

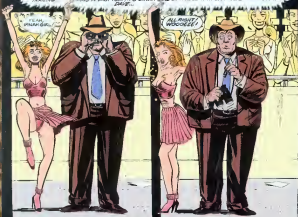


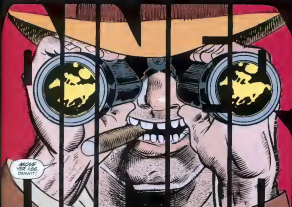




CARRON,
YOU GOT ON
A BENCH!

AND THEY GOT OFF! THE DAWGMAID, IN FRONT OF A CROWD, CALLED OUT LOUDLY BY CHERRY
DAVE... SPARK AND AND LISA'S SUPPORTER AMONG THE BAND WITH PUPPY DUFFY AND MONKEY
YELLING... IN LAST PART, THE DAWGMAID, BY A HUNT WITH SPARK AND AND CHERRY
DAVE...





Bill Murray
Miguel Ferrer
writers

Bill Weir
artist

John Wellington
color artist
Bill Oakley
letters











THE NEXT MORNING,
SHORTLY AFTER DAWN...



HEY GARRISON, HOW
ABOUT A FINE?



GET OUTTA MY
FACE, WIMP HEAD
YOU SWELL LIKE
SHIT!



WAIT, I HAVE
SOMETHING YOU'LL
REALLY LIKE HERE
A ONE OF
A KIND.

I ALREADY GOT
A STOPWATCH

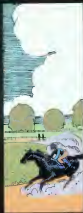


NOT LIKE
THAT!

IT MAKES ME
WORRY! YOU GUYS
CAN NEVER TRUST
ANYONE!



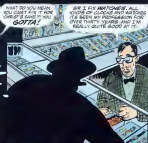
GO AWAY
THIS ONE





FIVE DUCKS?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT
THIS THING IS **WORTH?**





WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T FIND IT NOW? CHRIST'S SAKES YOU GOTTA!

WELL I'VE HITCHHIKED, ALL KINDS OF CLAROS AND MATRONS IT'S BEEN MY PROFESSION FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS AND I'M REALLY QUITE GOOD AT IT!



AND I WISH YOU THIS IS PROOF A BITCH



PROBABLY I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOT HERE



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT



IT'S A PUZZLE TO ME!





NOW LET'S
HAVE SOME MORE
COUGH!

WELL DONE,
CARENOT ALMOST
A SUCCESS!
TIME.

WHAT THE HELL
DOES THAT MEAN
UP ON THE LINE
THAT?



YOU!
WHERE THE HELL
HAVE YOU BEEN?
SEEM TO BE ALL
OVER FOR YOU!



OH, I'VE BEEN
VERY BUSY LATELY
SCOUTING FOR THE
TALENT FOR THE
BOSSMAN.

AND ANYWAY
I KNOW THE PUZZLE
WAS IN GOOD
HANDS.



SCOUTING? YOU?
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT THE POWER!
PROBABLY MORE LIKE
SCOUTING A CAN OF
SPRINKLES!



WELL, IF YOU'RE
SERIOUS, THAT'S THE KIND
OF IMPRESSION YOU MAKE
ON YOURSELF!



YES, WELL,
I'LL SHOW
YOU SOMETHING
BETTER
ANYTIME!
RIGHT NOW!

AFTER ALL, YOU
PLACED YOUR TRUST IN
A MAN THAT ONLY DE-
LIVERED ILLUSIONS.
YOU SOLVED THE
PUZZLE.

YOU SHOULD
BE REWARDED
FOR YOUR
EFFORTS.

WHY ITS
GETTING DARK
IN HERE?

I THINK I'LL JUST
BE MY OWN SOMETHING
MORE CONVENIENT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA!

AAAAAAAA

SWARX

THERE! I FEEL
MUCH BETTER NOW!

OH NO, DON'T
RUN AWAY CAGNEY!
YOU'LL MISS ALL
THE FUN!

YEAH!
LET ME GO!
HELP!!

WHO ARE YOU?
WOOAH!



HA HA HA HA HA!!

OH
GOD!
OH MY
GOD!!

THE OPERATIC SOUND OF A
BILLION SOULS BEING
TORTURED FILL THE AIR

OR BE THAT
A BILLION
AND ONE?







AFTER YOUR
TRANSFORMATION
IN THE CHANGEROY
CAVEMAN, YOU
WILL BECOME ONE
OF US!

THE BUTE!
THE BEAUTIFUL THE
POWERFUL!

A CANDIDATE
OUR LORD LEVATHAND
FRONT LINE IN THE WAR
AGAINST FLESH



YOU MEAN, I'LL
GET TO 'CALL THE
SHOTS' I'LL GET
TO NOW HAVE
CANDIDATE!



YES
DELICIOUSLY
ETERNALLY

AFTER A FASHION OF COURSE
FIRST YOU WILL NEED TO BE
RE-ORDERED



YOU'RE VERY
VERY LUCKY, MR
CANDIDATE!



YES, I
AM LUCKY!
FINALLY!
IT'S LIKE MY
HORSE HAS
GONE IN!

SO IN
OTHER DO
I LIKE LEFT
HOW LONG
BEFORE I
CAN START!

WE HAVE SUCH **SANITY** TO SHOW YOU
BUT SUCH THINGS CAN'T BE **RUSHED**



IN A WAY I
GUESS THIS IS
WHAT I'VE BEEN
WORKING ALL
MY LIFE FOR

YES, A LIFETIME

RENTAL

THAT'S ABOUT HOW LONG
I MIGHT LAST...

GABBY IS LED TO HIS CREATION
CHAMBER: A GLIMMERING CELL
FILLED WITH AN IMPOSSIBLE
NUMBER OF SCREAMING HORSEHEADS
WED THEM APLANE...

"I THOUGHT HE'D BE
DIFFERENT. HE SEEMED
TO WELCOME
RECRUITMENT..."

NO! WAIT!
I DON'T WANT
STOP THE--
STOP!!

NO THE FLESH IS ALWAYS UNSTRUCTURED. AT
THE LAST, THEY NEVER APPRECIATE LEVATHANS
LEFT, BUT HE WILL... IN TIME



I THINK
IN TIME,
WE'LL
CALL HIM
"THE
TRAINER"

AAAH!!! YHAAA!!
AAAH!!! EEEEEEE!
AAAH!!! NNNNN!!

IF HE MASTERED THE
DISCIPLINE TO STOP
SCREAMING...

AFTERWORD

Some days are bad. Some days, there are just so many things going on and going wrong that that thin, invisible wire wrapped around my temples tightens convulsively, and I'm certain that Excedrin Headache #55,743 is going to be the one that finally does it.

But that's just some days.

Other days, things can get pretty exciting; like the day we received the letter from the Society of Illustrators, announcing that two pieces from **Hellraiser** (both by SI member Kent Williams — congrats, Kent!) were accepted into their 33rd Annual Competition. Some days, it's pretty rewarding to produce this book.

Then there are days like a recent weekend when, in town for a few days, Clive Barker had the chance to personally peruse the progress on his growing anthology mythology, **Hellraiser**, before speaking at a nearby horror convention. And I had the opportunity to experience the electricity of an auditorium full of fans all rising at once, like some great blanket of villi, to applaud the modern master of horror as he took the stage.

He took time to give more than a passing preview of some of the projects coming up from Epic in these pages and elsewhere, increasing the scope of the **Hellraiser** mythology; projects we'll give you a peek at in the issues ahead. And Dan and I got our ten minutes — thanks, Clive. Some days, it's pretty exciting to produce this book.

And then there's today — the beginning of the last days of a quarterly **Hellraiser**. But don't be afraid. In just three short months, look for the first bimonthly issues, 64 pages of death and terror in "living" color, on sale by June 11th. Now be afraid. Be very afraid.

Make my day.

Marc McLaurin
editor



Clive Barker

creator

Robbin Brinsterman

designer

Daniel Chichister

visualizing ideas

Tom Darling

visualizing ideas

Mark McLaurin

ideas

Carl Potts

creative ideas

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editor in chief

Alex Joy

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ATKINS (appearing in the story "Tomb of
Lovers") and **THE TRAINER** (appearing in
the story "The Victim") and the characters
Barker created in the collection of Epic
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EPIC COMICS

Time to deal another dead man's hand,
courtesy of croupier Clive Barker and his
cruel conceits. Here's how the cards
fall tonight.

A pair of lovers must test their
relationship—beyond the grave. *Vietnam*
makes a soldier and a Cenobite into
two-of-a-kind. *Flesh* with terror, a
mother battles monstrosities for her son's
soul. And when a gambler bets on the
wrong horse, it's a straight-to-hell.

Sit in a round . . . you may find the
stakes irresistible.

In fact, we'd bet your life on it.

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